TOURISTS.

CHATEAU-BIGOT.

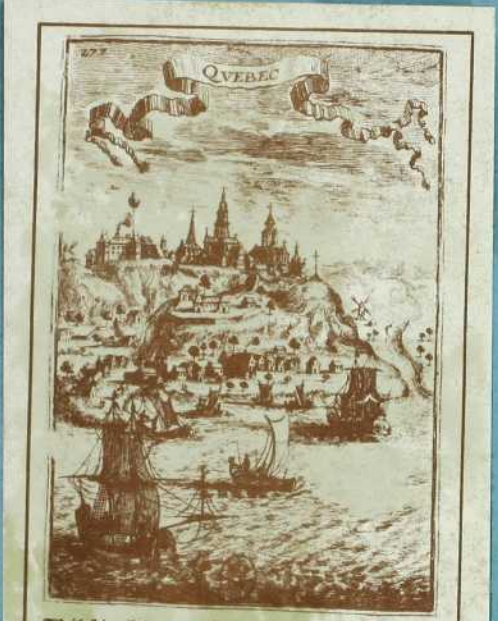
History and Romance.

Historical sketch of the ruins of the French CHATEAU, five miles from Quebec, on the road to Lake St. Charles, dating from 1750, with all the romantic memories which attach to it.

By the Author of MAPLE LEAVES.

[J. M. Lemoine]

QUEBEC:
1874.



To

The Author of "A Chance Acquaintance," &c.,

W. D. HOWELLS,

CAMBRIDGE,

BOSTON.

The History of CHATEAU-BIGOT is respectfully inscribed in remembrance of the pleasure experienced by the writer, on perusing Mr. Howells' delightful account of "A Pic-Nic" at the CHATEAU. May his gifted pen continue to enrich American literature with delineations of the history and scenery of "The Walled City of the North."

J. M. L.

SPENCER GRANGE,

Sillery, 1st August, 1874.

CHATEAU-BIGOT.

ITS HISTORY AND ROMANCE.

'Ensconced 'mid trees this chateau stood—
'Mid flowers each aisle and porch ;
At eve soft music charmed the ear—
High blazed the festive torch.

But, ah ! a sad and mournful tale
Was her's who so enjoyed
The transient bliss of these fair shades—
By youth and love decoyed.

Her lord was true—yet he was false,
False—false—as sin and hell—
To former plights and vows he gave
To one that loved him well."

The Hermitage.

From time immemorial an antique and massive ruin, standing in solitary loneliness, in the centre of a clearing at the foot of the Charlesbourg mountain, some five miles from Quebec, has been visited by the young and the curious. The lofty mountain to the north-west of it is called *La Montagne des Ormes ;* for more than a century, the Charlesbourg peasantry designate the ruin as *La Maison de la Montagne.* The English have christened it *The Hermitage*, whilst to the French portion of the population, it is known as Chateau-Bigot, or Beaumanoir ; and truly, were it not on account of the associations which surround the time worn pile, few would take the trouble to go and look at the dreary object.

The land on which it stands was formerly included in the *Fief de la Trinite*, granted between 1640 and 1650 to Monsieur Denis, a gentleman from La Rochelle, in France, the ancestor of the numerous clan of Denis,

Denis de la Ronde, Denis de Vitre, &c.* This seigniory was subsequently sold to Monseign-

* I am happy to be able to throw some additional light on the early times of this mysterious ruin, which has so much proplexed Quebec antiquarians. T'is probable this stately mansion was built by the great Intendant Talon as the Baronial *chateau*, permitted by his grant, (see *Seignioral Documents*, 1852—"page 414 and 418) according to which he was empowered to establish gaols, a four-post gibbet . . . . . a post with an iron collar on which his arms should be engraved." Of all this redoubtable feudal pomp, there are no vestiges now extant. Of how the *chateau* fared from Talon's time to Bigot's, we have failed to unearth any information.

After the conquest, the land came by purchase into the possession of the Stewart family, lately represented by the Hon. John Stewart—a most interesting but lengthy letter from one of the Stewart's, describing the winter months he spent at the Hermitage in 1775-6, whilst Arnold, held for Congress, the environs of Quebec is in my possession. Mr. Wm. Crawford, the actual owner of the land and ruins, having kindly allowed me the use of his little-deeds. I read that "Charles Stewart, avocat et notaire demeurant à Quebec, propriétaire du fief de Grand Pré, autrefois dit De la Mistanguenne ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canardière, par acte de vente du 26 Juin 1780, devant Jean Antoine Panet. N. P.. concéda à titre de cens et rentes seigneuriales .....à Monsieur Jean Lees, le Jeune, Simon Fraser, le Jeune, et William Wilson, négociant en cette ville, 10 arpents de front situés dans le fief Grand Pré, ou Mont Plaisir, à la Canardière, au lieu nommé La Montagne ou l'Hermitage, prenant d'un bout, vers le sud aux terres de Joseph Bédard, et Jean Baptiste Lehoux dit Cardinal, et allant en profondeur vers le nord quatorze arpents ou environ, jusqu'à la vielle clôture du verger, icelui verger compris en la présente concession et vente, les dix arpents de front joignant du côté du sud-ouest au fief de la Trinité, appartenant au Séminaire, et du côté du nord-ouest à la terre de Jean Chattereau, ensemble la maison à deux étages, une grange et une étable en bois, construits sur les dits dix arpents."

The property was resold the 12th August, 1805, by John Lees *et al*, to Charles Stewart, Esq., Comptroller of Customs, Quebec.

eur de Laval, a descendant of the Montmorency's, who founded in 1663 the Seminary of Quebec, and one of the most illustrious prelates in New France: the portion towards the mountain was dismembered. When the Intendant Talon formed his Baronie Des Islets,† he annexed to it certain lands of the *Fief de la Trinite*, amongst others that part on which now stand the remains of the old chateau, of which he seems to have been the builder, but which he subsequently sold. Bigot, having acquired it long after, enlarged and improved it very much. He was a luxurious French gentleman who, more than one hundred years ago, held the exalted post of Intendant or Administrator under the French Crown, in Canada.‡ In those days the forests which

† May, 1675, Louis the XIV and Colbert granted to Monsieur le Comte Talon, Intendant, the Seignicry des Ilets, "together with those three neighboring villages to us belonging the first called Bourg Royal, the second Bourg la Reine, the third, Bourg Talon, subsequently changed into the Barony of Orsainville."—(*Ferland*, II Vol., p. 69)

‡ Hawkin's Picture of Quebec will give us an idea of the splendour in which the Intendant lived in his town residence:

"Immediately through Palace Gate, turning towards the left, and in front of the Ordinance building and store-houses, once stood an edifice of great extent, surrounded by a spacious garden looking towards the River St. Charles, and as to its interior decorations, far more splendid than the Castle of St. Lewis. It was the Palace of the Intendant, so called, because the sittings of the Sovereign Council were held there, after the establishment of the Royal Government in New France. A small district adjoining is still called *Le Palais* by the old inhabitants, and the name of the gate, and of the well-proportioned street which leads to it, are derived from the same origin.

"The Intendant's Palace was described by La Potherie, in 1698, as consisting of eighty *toises*, or four hundred and eighty feet of buildings, so that it appeared a little town in itself. The King's stores were kept there. Its situation does not at the present time appear advantageous, but the aspect of the River St. Charles was widely different in those days.

skirted the city were abundantly stocked with game: deer of several varieties, bears, foxes, perhaps even that noble and lordly animal, now extinct in Lower Canada, the Canadian stag, or Wapiti, roamed in herds over the Laurentian chain of mountains and were shot within a few miles of the *Chateau* St. Louis. This may have been one of the chief reasons why the French Lucullus erected the old castle, which to this day bears his name—a resting place for himself and friends after the chase. The profound seclusion of the spot, combined with its beautiful scenery, would have rendered it attractive during the summer months, even without the sweet repose it had in store for a tired hunter. Tradition ascribes to it other purposes, and amusements less permissible than those of the chase. A tragical occurrence enshrines the old building with a tinge of mystery,

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The property in the neighborhood belonged to the Government, or to the Jesuits; large meadows and flowery parterres adorned the banks of the River, and reached the base of the rock; and as late as the time of Charlevoix, in 1720, that quarter of the city is spoken of as being the most beautiful. The entrance was into a court, through a large gateway, the ruins of which, in St. Vallier Street, still remain.

"The buildings formed nearly a square; in front of the river were spacious gardens, and on the sides the King's store-houses. Beyond the Palace, towards the west, were the pleasing grounds of the Jesuits, and of the General Hospital. This building, like most of the public establishments of Quebec, went through the ordeal of fire, and was afterwards rebuilt with greater attention to comfort and embellishment. In September, 1712, M. Begon arrived as Intendant, with a splendid equipage, rich furniture, plate and apparel, befitting his rank. He was accompanied by his wife, a young lady lately married, whose valuable jewels were the general admiration. A fire, which it was found impossible to extinguish, broke out in the night of the 5th January, 1713, and burned so rapidly, that the Intendant and his lady, with difficulty escaped in their *robes de chambre*. The loss of the Intendant was stated at forty thousand crowns. The Palace was afterwards rebuilt in a splendid style by M. Begon, at the King's

which only awaits the pen of a novelist to weave out of it, a thrilling romance.

François Bigot, thirteenth and last Intendant of the Kings of France in Canada, was born in the province of Guienne, and descended of a family distinguished by professional eminence at the French bar. His Commission bears date "10th June, 1747," the Intendant had the charge of four departments: Justice, Police, Finance and Marine. He had previously filled the post of Intendant in Louisianna, and also at Louisbourg. The disaffection and revolt which his rapacity caused in that city, were mainly instrumental in producing its downfall and surrender to the English commander, Pepperell, in 1745. Living at a time when tainted morals and official corruption ruled at court, he seems to have taken his standard of morality from the mother country: his malversations in office, his extensive frauds on the treasury, some £400,000; his colossal speculations in

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expense. The following is its description, given by Charlevoix, in 1720, a few years afterwards. 'The Intendant's house is called the Palace, because the Superior Council assemble in it. This is a large pavilion, the two extremities of which project some feet; and to which you ascend by a double flight of stairs. The garden front which faces the little river, which is very nearly on a level with it, is much more agreeable than that by which you enter. The King's magazine faces the court on the right side, and behind that is the prison. The gate by which you enter is hid by the mountain on which the Upper Town stands, and which on this side affords no prospect, except that of a steep rock.'

"The Intendant's Palace was neglected as a place of official residence after the conquest in 1759. In 1775, it was occupied by a detachment of the American invading army, and destroyed by the fire of the garrison. The only remains at present are a private house, the gateway alluded to above, and several stores belonging to Government, formed by repairing some of the old French buildings. The whole is now known by the name of the King's woodyard." Since this has been written, extensive wharves have been constructed by the City Corporation of Quebec. The reader is also reminded not to confound the Intendant Begon wit his successor, Bigot.

provisions and commissariat supplies furnished by the French government to the colonists during a famine; his dissolute conduct and final downfall, are fruitful themes wherefrom the historian can draw wholesome lessons for all generations. Whether his Charlesbourg (then called Bourg Royal) castle was used as the receptacle of some of his most valuable booty, or whether it was merely a kind of Lilliputian *Parc au Cerfs*, such as his royal master had, tradition does not say. It would appear, however, that it was kept up by the plunder wrung from sorrowing colonists, and that the large profits he made by pairing from the scanty pittance the French government allowed the starving residents, were here lavished in gambling, riot and luxury.

In May, 1757, the population of Quebec was reduced to subsist on four ounces of bread per diem, one lb. of beef, HORSE-FLESH or CODFISH; and in April of the following year, this miserable allowance was reduced to one-half. "At this time," remarks our historian, Garneau, "famished men were seen sinking to the earth in the streets from exhaustion."

Such were the times during which * Louis

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* Those were times in which royalty did not shine forth in peculiarly attractive colors. On one side of the English Channel loomed out the handsome but effeminate figure of the French Sultan, Louis XV., revelling undisturbed in the scented bowers of his harem, the *Parc aux Cerfs*, *La Pompadour*, managing state matters; on the other, a Brunswicker, (George II) one who, we are told, "had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit—who tainted a great society by a bad example; who, in youth, manhood, old age, was gross, low and sensual:"—although Mr. Porteus, (afterwards My Lord Bishop Porteus) says the earth was not good enough for him, and that his only place was heaven!—whose closing speech to his dying, loving, true-hearted Queen is thus related by Thackery: "With the film of death over her eyes, writhing in intolerable pain, she yet had a livid smile and a gentle word for her master. You have read the wonderful history of that death-bed? How she bade him marry again, and the reply the old King blubbered out, '*Non, non, j'aurai des maitresses.* There never was such a ghastly farce."—(*The Four Georges.*)

XV.'s minion would retire to his Sardanapalian retreat, to gorge himself at leisure on the life-blood of the Canadian people, whose welfare he had sworn to watch over! Such, the doings in the colony in the days of La Pompadour. The results of this misrule were soon apparent: *the British lion quietly and firmly placed his paw on the coveted morsel.* The loss of Canada was viewed, if not by the nation, at least by the French Court, with indifference; to use the terms of one of Her Britannic Majesty's ministers, when its fate and possible loss were canvassed one century later in the British Parliament, "without apprehension or regret." Voltaire gave his friends a banquet at Ferney, in commemoration of the event; the court favorite congratulated majesty, that since he had got rid of these "fifteen hundred leagues of frozen country," he had now a chance of sleeping in peace; the minister Choiseul urged Louis the XV. to sign the final treaty of 1763, saying that Canada would be *un embarras* to the English, and that if they were wise they would have nothing to do with it. In the meantime the red cross of St. George was waiving over the battlements on which the lily-spangled banner of Louis XV.† had proudly sat with but one interruption for one hundred and fifty years, the infamous Bigot was provisionally consigned to a dungeon in the Bastille—subsequently tried and exiled to Bordeaux; his property was confiscated, whilst his confederates and abettors, such as Varin, Breard, Maurin, Corpron, Martel, Estebe and others, were also tried and punished by fine, imprisonment and confiscation: one Penisseault, a government clerk (a butcher's son by birth), who had married in the colony, but whose pretty wife accompanied the Chevalier de Levis on his return to France, seems to have fared better than the rest.

But to revert to the chateau walls, as I saw them on the 4th June, 1863.

After a ramble with an English friend through the woods, which gave us an opportunity of providing ourselves with wild

† In 1629, when Quebec surrendered to Kertk.

flowers to strew over the tomb of this "Fair Rosamond,"‡ such as the marsh marygold, clintonia, uvularia, the starflower, veronica, kalmia, trillium, and Canadian violets, we unexpectedly struck on the old ruin. One of the first things which attracted notice was the singularly corroding effect the easterly wind has on stone and mortar in Canada: the east gable being indented and much more eaten away than that exposed to the western blast. Of the original structure nothing is now standing but the two gables and the division walls; they are all three of immense thickness; certainly no modern house is built in the manner this seems to have been. It must have had two stories, with rooms in the attic and a deep cellar: a communication existed from one cellar to the other through the division wall. There is also visible a very small door cut through the cellar wall of the west gable; it leads to a vaulted apartment of some eight feet square: the small mound of masonry which covered it might originally have been effectually hidden from view by a plantation of trees over it. What could this have been built for, asked my romantic friend? Was it intended to secure some of the Intendant's plate or other portion of his ill-gotten treasure? Or else as the Abbe Ferland suggests:‖ "Was it to store the fruity old Port and sparkling Mo-

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‡ The fascinating daughter of Lord Clifford, famous in the legendary history of England, as the mistress of Henry II, shortly before his accession to the throne, and the subject of an old ballad. She is said to have been kept by her royal lover in a secret bower at Woodstock, the approaches to which formed a labyrinth so intricate that it could only be discovered by the clew of a silken thread, which the King used for that purpose. Here Queen Eleanor discovered and poisoned her about 1173.—(*Noted names of Fiction*, 1175; see also Woodstock.—*Waverly Novels*.

‖ I am indebted to my old friend the Abbe Ferland for the following remark: 'I visited Chateau-Bigot during the summer of 1834. It was in the state described by Mr. Papineau. In the interior, the walls were still partly papered. It must not be forgotten that about the beginning of this century, a club of *Bon-*

selle of the club of the Barons, who held their jovial meetings there about the beginning of this century?" Was it his mistresses' secret *boudoir* when the Intendant's lady visited the chateau, like the Woodstock tower to which

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vivants used to meet frequently in the Chateau."

[Three celebrated clubs flourished here long before the Stadacona and St. James' Club were thought of. The first was formed in Quebec, about the beginning of this century. It was originally called, says Lambert, the Beef Steak Club, which name it soon changed for that of the Barons Club. It consisted of twenty-one members, "who are chiefly the principal merchants in the colony, and are styled barons. As the members drop off, their places are supplied by knights elect, who are not installed as barons until there is a sufficient number to pay for the entertainment which is given on that occasion." J. Lambert, during the winter of 1807, attended one of the banquets of installation, which was given in the Union Hotel (now the *Journal de Quebec* Office, facing the Place d'Armes.) The Hon. Mr. Dunn, the President of the Province, and Administrator, during the absence of Sir Robert Milnes, attended as the oldest baron. The Chief Justice and all the principal officers of the government, civil and military, were present. This entertainment cost 250 guineas. The Barons club, says W. Henderson, was a sort of *Pit Club*,—all, Tories to the backbone. It was a very select affair—and of no long duration. Among the members, if my memory serves me right, were John Coltman, George Hamilton, Sir John Caldwell, Sir George Pownall, H. W. Ryland, George Heriott, (Postmaster and author), Mathew Bell, Gilbert Ainslie, Angus Shaw - (Notes of W. Henderson.)

The other club went under the appropriate name of "Sober Club"—*lucus a non lucendo* perhaps: it flourished about 1811; we believe one of the By-laws enacted that the members were expected to get *elevated* at least once a year. It seems to me more than likely that it was the Club of Barons, and not the Sober Club, who caroused under the romantic walls of the Hermitage. The third Club flourished at Montreal; it took the name of the Beaver Club, and was, I believe, composed of old *Northwesters*]

Royal Henry picked his way through "Love's Ladder?" *Quien sabe?* Who can unravel the mystery? It may have served for the foundation of the tower which existed when Mr. Papineau visited and described the place thirty-two years ago. The heavy cedar rafters, more than one hundred years old, are to this day sound: one has been broken by the fall, probably, of some heavy stones. There are several indentures in the walls for fireplaces, which are built of cut masonry; from the angle of one a song sparrow flew out, uttering its anxious note. We searched and discovered the bird's nest, with five spotted, dusky eggs in it. How strange! in the midst of ruin and decay, the sweet tokens of hope, love and harmony! What cared the child of song if her innocent offspring were reared amidst these mouldering relics of the past, mayhap a guilty past? Could she not teach them to warble sweetly, even from the roof which echoed the dying sigh of the Algonquin maid? Red alder trees grew rank and vigorous amongst the disjointed masonry, which had crumbled from the walls into the cellar; no trace existed of the wooden staircase mentioned by Mr. Papineau; the timber of the roof had rotted away or been used for camp-fires by those who frequent and fish the elfish stream which winds its way over a pebbly ledge towards Beauport—well stocked with small trout, which seem to breed in great numbers in the dam near the Chateau.

"Stop, stop, cried my poetic companion. The fate of the fair maid, the song of birds, the rustling of groves, the murmur of yonder brook,—does not all this remind you of the accents of our laurel-crowned poet, in the song of Claribel?"

Those who wish to visit the Hermitage, are strongly advised to take the cart-road which leads easterly from the Charlesbourg church, turning up. Pedestrians will prefer the other route; they can, in this case, leave their vehicle at GaspardHuot'sboarding-house, —a little higher than the church of Charlesbourg,—and then walk through the fields skirting, during greater part of the road, the murmuring brook I have previously mentioned; but by all means *let them take a guide* with them.

I shall now translate and condense, from the interesting narrative of a visit paid to the Hermitage in 1831, by Mr. Amedee Papineau and his talented father, the Hon. L. J. Papineau, the legend which attaches to it:

CAROLINE, OR THE ALGONQUIN MAID,

(by Amedee Papineau.)

"We drove, my father and I, with our vehicle to the very foot of the mountain, and there took a foot-path which led us through a dense wood. We encountered and crossed a rivulet, and then ascended a plateau cleared of wood, a most enchanting place; behind us and on our right was a thick forest; on our left the eye rested on boundless green fields, diversified * with golden harvests and with the neat white cottages of the peasantry. In the distance was visible the broad and placid St. Lawrence, at the foot of the citadel of Quebec, and also the shining cupolas and tin roofs of the city houses; in front of us, a confused mass of ruins, crenelated walls embedded in moss and rank grass, together with a tower half destroyed, beams, and the mouldering remains of a roof. After viewing the *tout ensemble*, we attentively examined each portion in detail—every fragment was interesting to us; we with difficulty made our way over the wall, ascending the upper stories by a staircase which creaked and trembled under our weight. With the assistance of a lighted candle we penetrated into the damp and cavernous cellars, carefully exploring every nook and corner, listening to the sound of our own footsteps, and occasionally startled by the rustling of bats which we disturbed in their dismal retreat. I was young, and consequently very impression-

* It is painful to watch the successive inroads perpetrated by sportsmen and idlers on the old Chateau. In 1819, an old Quebecer, Mr. Wyse, visited it; doors, verandah, windows and everything else was complete. He, too, lost his way in the woods, but found it again without the help of an Indian beauty. It was then known as the haunted house, supposed to contain a deal of French treasure, and called *La Maison du Bourg Royal.*

able. I had just left college ; these extraordinary sounds and objects would at times make me feel very uneasy. I pressed close to my father, and dared scarcely breath ; the remembrance of this subterranean exploration will not easily be forgotten. What were my sensations when I saw a tombstone, the reader can imagine? 'Here we are, at last !' exclaimed my father, and echo repeated his words. Carefully did we view this monument ; presently we detected the letter 'C,' nearly obliterated by the action of time ; after remaining there a few moments, to my unspeakable delight we made our exit from this chamber of death, and, stepping over the ruins, we again alighted on the green sward. Evidently where we stood had formerly been a garden : we could still make out the avenues, the walks and plots, over which plum, lilac and apple trees grew wild.

"I had not yet uttered a word, but my curiosity getting the better of my fear, I demanded an explanation of this mysterious tombstone. My father beckoned me towards a shady old maple; we both sat on the turf, and he then spoke as follows :—You have, no doubt, my son, heard of a French Intendant, of the name Bigot, who had charge of the public funds in Canada somewhere about the year 1757 ; you have also read how he squandered these moneys and how his Christian Majesty had him sent to the Bastille when he returned to France, and had his property confiscated. All this you know. I shall now tell you what, probably, you do not know. This Intendant attempted to lead in Canada the same dissolute life which the old *noblesse* led in France before the French Revolution had *levelled* all classes. He it was who built this country seat, of which you now contemplate the ruins. Here he came to seek relaxation from the cares of office ; here he prepared entertainments to which the rank and fashion of Quebec, including its Governor General, eagerly flocked : nothing was wanting to complete the *eclat* of this *little* Versailles. Hunting was a favorite pastime of our ancestors, and Bigot was a mighty hunter. As active as a chamois, as daring as a lion was this indefatigable Nimrod, in the pursuit of bears and moose.

"On one occasion, when tracking with some sporting friends an old bear whom he had wounded, he was led over mountainous ridges and ravines, very far from the castle. Nothing could restrain him; on he went in advance of every one, until the bloody trail brought him on the wounded animal, which he soon despatched.

"During the chase the sun had gradually sunk over the western hills; the shades of evening were fast descending: how was the lord of the manor to find his way back? He was alone in a thick forest: in this emergency his heart did not fail him,—he hoped by the light of the moon to be able to find his way to his stray companions. Wearily he walked on, ascending once or twice a high tree, in order to see further, but all in vain: soon the unpleasant conviction dawned on him that like others in similar cases, he had been walking round a circle. Worn out and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, he sat down to ponder on what course he should adopt. The Queen of night, at that moment shedding her silvery rays around, only helped to show the hunter how hopeless was his present position. Amidst these mournful reflections, his ear was startled by the sound of footsteps close by: his spirits rose at the prospect of help being at hand; soon he perceived the outlines of a moving white object. Was it a phantom which his disordered imagination had conjured up? Terrified, he seized his trusty gun and was in the act of firing, when the apparation, rapidly advancing towards him, assumed quite a human form: a little figure stood before him with eyes as black as night, and raven tresses flowing to the night wind; a spotless gar ment enveloped in its ample folds this airy and graceful spectre. Was it a sylph, the spirit of the wilderness? Was it Diana, the goddess of the chase, favoring one of her most ardent votaries with a glimpse of her form divine? It was neither. It was an Algonquin beauty, one of those ideal types whose white skin betray their hybryd origin—a mixture of European blood with that of the aboriginal races. It was Caroline, a child of love borne on the shores of the great Ottawa river: a French

officer was her sire, and the powerful Algonquin tribe of the Beaver claimed her mother.

"The Canadian Nimrod, struck at the sight of such extraordinary beauty, asked her name, and after relating his adventure, he begged of her to show him the way to the castle in the neighborhood, as she must be familiar with every path of the forest. Such is the story told of the first meeting between the Indian beauty and the Canadian Minister of Finance and Feudal Judge in the year 175—

"The Intendant was a * married man: his lady resided in the Capital of Canada. She seldom accompanied her husband on his hunting excursions, but soon it was whispered that something more than the pursuit of wild animals attracted him to his country seat: an intrigue with an Indian beauty was hinted at. These discreditable rumors came to the ears of her ladyship: she made several visits to the castle in hopes of verifying her worst fears: jealousy is a watchful sentinel.

"The Intendant's dormitory was on the ground floor of the building: it is supposed the Indian girl occupied a secret apartment on the flat above; that her boudoir was reached through a long and narrow passage, ending with a hidden staircase opening on the large room which overlooked the garden.

"The King, therefore, for his defence
Against the furious Queen,
At Woodstock builded such a bower,
As never yet was seen.
Most curiously that bower was built,
Of stone and timber strong."

(Ballad of Fair Rosamond.)

"Let us now see what took place on this identical spot on the 2nd July, 175—. It is night; the hall clock has just struck eleven; the babling murmur of the neighboring brook, gently wafted on the night wind, is scarcely

* Error—he was a bachelor. These unions were not uncommon. We find the Baron de St. Castin marrying Madocawando, an Indian beauty: he became a famous Indian Chief, helping D'Iberville, in Acadia, and left a numerous progeny of olive colored princesses with eyes like a gazelle's——

audible: the †Song Sparrow has nearly finished his evening hymn, while the ‡*Sweet Canada* bird, from the top of an old pine, merrily sounds his shrill clarion. Silence the most profound pervades the whole castle; every light is extinguished; the pale rays of the moon slumber softly on the oak floor, reflected as they are through the gothic windows; every inmate is wrapped in sleep, even fair Rosamond who has just retired. Suddenly her door is violently thrust open; a masked person, with one bound, rushes to her bed-side, and without saying a word, plunges a dagger to the hilt in her heart. Uttering a piercing shriek, the victim falls heavily on the floor. The Intendant, hearing the noise, hurries up stairs, raises the unhappy girl who has just time to point to the fatal weapon, still in the wound, and then falls back in his arms a lifeless corpse. The whole household are soon on foot; search is made for the murderer, but no clue is discovered. Some of the inmates fancied they had seen the figure of a woman rush down the secret stair and disappear in the woods about the time the murder took place. A variety of stories were circulated, some pretended to trace the crime to the Intendant's wife, whilst others alleged that the avenging mother of the creole was the assassin; some again urged that Caroline's father had attempted to wipe off the stain on the honor of his tribe, by himself despatching his erring child. A profound mystery to this day surrounds the whole transaction. Caroline was buried in the cellar of the castle, and the letter 'C' engraved on her tombstone, which, *my son, you have just seen.*"

I now visit this spot many years after the period mentioned in this narrative. I search in vain for several of the leading characteristics on which Mr. Papineau descants so eloquently: time, the great destroyer, has obliterated many traces. Nothing meets my view but mouldering walls, over which green moss and rank weeds cluster profusely. Unmistakable indications of a former garden there certainly are, such as the outlines of walks over which French cherry, apple and

† Melospiza melodia.

‡ Zonotrichia leucophrys.

gooseberry trees grow in wild luxuriance. I take home from the ruins a piece of bone; this decayed piece of mortality may have formed part of Caroline's big toe, for aught I can establish to the contrary; Chateau-Bigot brings back to my mind other remembrances of the past. I recollect reading that pending the panic consequent on the surrender of Quebec in 1759, the non-combatants of the city crowded within its walls; this time not to ruralize, but to seek concealment until Mars had inscribed another victory on the British flag. I would not be prepared to swear that later, when Arnold and Montgomery had possesson of the environs of Quebec, during the greater portion of the winter of 1775-6, some of those prudent English merchants (Adam Lymburner at their head), who awaited at Charlesbourg and Beauport the issue of the contest, did not take a quiet drive to Chateau-Bigot, were it only to indulge in a philosophical disquisition on the mutability of human events; nor must I forget the jolly pic-nics the barons held there some sixty years ago.‖

On quitting these silent halls, from which the light of other days has departed, and from whence the voice of revelry seems to have fled for ever, I recrossed the little brook, already mentioned, musing on the past. The solitude which surrounds the dwelling and the tomb of the dark-haired child of the wilderness, involuntarily brought to mind that beautiful passage of Ossian,§ relating to the daughter of Reuthamir, the "white bosomed" Moina:—"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls: and the voice of the people is heard no more. The thistle shook

‖ The Hon. Mr. Dunn, Administrator of the Province in 1807, was the senior baron; Hons. Mathew Bell, John Stewart, Messrs. Muir, Irvine, Lester, McNaught, Grey Stewart, Munro, Finlay, Lymburner, Paynter; these names were doubtless also to be found amongst the Canadian barons; the Hon. Chas. De Lanaudiere, a general in the Hungarian service, was the only French Canadian member.

§ Book of Carthon

there its lonely head; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina, silence is in the house ..... Raise the song of mourning, O bards! over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us: for one day we must fall."

L'INTENDANT BIGOT—ROMANCE CANADIENNE.

Par Jos. Marmette.

After perusing the Legend of *Caroline, the Algonquin Maid*, the lover of Canadian story, can find a more artistically woven plot in one of Mr. Marmette's historical novel L'INTENDANT Bigot. The following summary is from a short *critique* recently published thereon:

"It is within the portals of Beaumanoir (Chateau-Bigot) that several of the most thrilling scenes in Mr. Marmette's novel are supposed to have taken place. A worthy veteran of noble birth, M. de Rochebrune, had died in Quebec, through neglect and hunger, on the very steps of Bigot's luxurious palace, then facing the St. Charles, leaving an only daughter, as virtuous as she was beautiful. One day whilst returning through the fields (where St. Rochs has since been built) from visiting a nun in the General Hospital, she was unexpectedly seized by a strong arm and thrown on a swift horse, whose rider never stopped until he had deposited his victim at Bigot's country seat, Charlesbourg. The name of this cold-blooded villain was Sournois. He was a minion of the mighty and unscrupulous Bigot. Mdlle. de Rochebrune had a lover. A dashing young French officer was Raoul de Beaulac. Maddened with love and rage, he closely watched Bigot's movements in the city, and determined to repossess his treasure, it mattered not at what sacrifice. Bigot's was a difficult game to play. He had a *liaison* with one of the most fascinating and fashionable married ladies of Quebec, and was thus prevented from hastening to see the

fair prey awaiting him at Beaumanoir. Raoul played a bold game, and calling jealousy to his help, he went and confided the deed to Madame Pean, Bigot's fair charmer, entreated her immediate interference, and after some hairbreadth escapes arrived at the Chateau with her just in time to save Mdlle. de Rochebrune from dishonor.

Madame Pean was returning to the city with Mdlle. de Rochebrune and Raoul, when on driving past the walls of the Intendant's palace, close to the spot where Defosses street now begins, her carriage was attacked by a band of armed men—a reconnoitering party from Wolfe's fleet, anchored at Montmorency. A scuffle ensued, shots were fired, and some of the assailants killed; but in the *melee* Mdlle. de Rochebrune was seized and hurried into the English boat commanded by one Captain Brown. During the remainder of the summer the Canadian maid, treated with every species of respect, remained a prisoner on board the admiral's ship. (It is singular that Admiral Durell, whose beloved young son was at the time a prisoner of war at Three Rivers, did not propose an exchange.) In the darkness and confusion which attended the disembarking of Wolfe's army on the night of the 12th September, 1759, at Sillery, Mdlle.de Rochebrune slipped down the side of the vessel, and getting into one of the smaller boats, drifted ashore with the tide and landed at Cap Rouge, just as her lover Raoul, who was a Lieutenant in La Roche-Beaucour's Cavalry, was patrolling the heights of Sillery. Overpowered with joy, she rode behind him back to the city, and left him on nearing her home; but, to her horror, she spied dogging her footsteps her arch-enemy the Intendant, and fell down in a species of fit, which turned out to be catalepsy. This furnishes, of course, a very moving *tableau*. The fair girl —supposed to be dead—was laid out in her shroud, when Raoul, during the confusion of that terrible day for French Rule, the 13th September, calling to see her, finds her a corpse just ready for interment. Fortunately for the heroine, a bombshell forgotten in the yard, all at once and in the nick of time igniting, explodes, shattering the tenement in fragments. The concussion recalls Mdlle.

de Rochebrune to life; a happy marriage soon after ensues. The chief character in the novel, the Intendent, sails shortly after for France, where he was imprisoned, as history states, in the Bastille, during fifteen months, and his ill-gotten gains confiscated. All this, with the exception of Mdlle. de Rochebrune's character, is strictly historical.

Sillery, Aug. 1, 1874.